

to him. I had, during the course of our conversation, mentioned the idol, and, having it with me, had shown it to him.

Our talk drifted from one topic to another, and when I arose to leave Mrs. Madison begged me to give her the idol, or sell it to her.

"I want to put it there on the mantel," she said. "I think that idol is the most curious thing I ever saw."

Personally, I had no great love for the thing, and she seemed so anxious that I gave it to her, first asking her not to try its power.

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(This next section of the story I learned afterwards from Tom.)

When I left the house the idol was put on the mantel, and remained there. During the next two months things went as usual with the Madisons. Tom was not rich, but they had sufficient to live comfortably on, and life in general was very pleasant.

One evening they were sitting in front of the fireplace, and the subject of the idol cropped up. Mrs. Madison urged her husband to let her try the charm. "I'm sure we won't even get the wish, Tom," she said, "and, anyway, I can't see any harm in just trying. That sailor was only talking, and said what he did to get some money for the thing. Please, Tom, won't you let me?"

She finally won her point, and Tom reluctantly gave her her way. "What shall we wish for?" she asked.

"Give me that idol, Mary; I'll do the wishing," said Tom. "I don't want any misfortune to come to you—if there is any truth in the wild tale."

She handed him the idol, and they finally agreed to wish for twenty-five thousand dollars. "If we get that we'll wish for a million," laughed Tom. Holding the idol in his hands, he slowly pronounced the words, "I wish to have twenty-five thousand dollars!" For a minute or two they sat in silence—the room seemed to have become oppressive—a sense of vague uneasiness stole over them, but, laughing at themselves, they spoke upon a number of subjects till it was time to retire.

Next morning Tom went to work as usual at 7.30, and while bidding good-bye to his wife she told him that she'd be down town shopping all day, and might run into the office to see him.

That evening Tom set out for home. Mary had not come to the office, but probably she hadn't time, he reasoned, and had hurried home to have supper ready—Tom having taken lunch down town. As he approached his suburban home he saw, standing near